She puts away Her fine array Till Easter Day. No more flirtation. But contemplation, Self-abnegation.

And fervent piety. To maids becoming. And for variety. With this to cheer her On her way, As she draws near Easter Day.

This pleasant thought To cheer her heart, Whene'er her mind dwells on it; On Easter Day She'll come out gay

And wear a daisy bonnet, -Boston Courier.

SUSIE'S DIPLOMACY.

"If I had been born poor, instead of rich, I firmly believe my life would have been much happier," said Richard Maur with a sigh.

Richard was sitting with a friend on a bench overlooking the sea. He would have been a remarkably handsome fellow, were it not for the discontented expression, which always clouded his face.

On the other hand, his companion, Arthur Renmore, was a plain-looking man, with nothing to redeem his want of comeliness but a bright pair of eyes. and a winning smile.

At first sight, women were struck by Richard's appearance, but after a time they gradually began to feel a preference for Arthur, because he talked amusingly, and made himself so agreeable.

To tell the truth Richard was too proud and reserved-a fault for which his parents had been to blame, for he had been a spoiled child.

"Do you really believe what you say, or do you only make that assertion to startle one?" asked Renmore in answer to his friend's remark.

"I really believe that if I had been born to poverty I should be far happier than I am now," returned Richard gravely.

"Then I'll show you a way out of your trouble," said Renmore with his cheerful laugh. "Hand over all your wealth to me, retaining only a pound a week for erty of the Palmers, the stronger grew yourself. I fancy I should get on comfortably with the gold you despise, not have some influence on Edith. to speak of being able to marry Susie."

wealth is extremely kind and considerate," said Richard, unable to repress a smile. "I appreciate the sacrifice you are willing to make for me, but on consideration I find I cannot do with out money. If I had been accustomed to poverty it would have been a different matter; but, having been reared in luxury, I cannot resign my gold, even if it leads me to destruction. The luxury I have spoken of is necessary to my exist-

"I thought you would draw in your horns, old boy, when I made the proposal. Like most Englishmen, you dearly love to grumble."

"I have something to grumble about, I fancy," said Richard.

"I don't see it; you ought to be the happiest fellow in the three kingdoms." "Ought I?"

"Decidedly." "Just let me know why?"

"You wish me to answer frankly, and won't take offense if I give you my real

"Speak on. I promise I won't take offense at anything you say. I should like to see myself as others see me." "Well, in the first place, you are too

proud, and think yourself superior to everybody. You fancy yourself illtreated because the world doesn't value you as you value yourself. To tell the truth, your conceit stands in your way, Richard. "Conceited and proud!" exclaimed

Richard Maur, coloring with anger. You have utterly misunderstood my character. I am shy and diffident."

"Shy and diffident!" cried Renmore, interrupting him. "You are nothing of the kind. Your sole reason for remaining silent is that you would rather refrain from making any agreeable remark than be lead to deliver a foolish one. Now I rattle away, saying the first thing that comes into my head, and yet I am regarded as a very pleasant companion.

"That is what puzzles me," returned Richard. "You say nothing very wise or witty, and yet you always manage to 'interest everybody.'

"Because I try to please others and forget the existence of Arthur Renmore," said his friend; "but, joking apart, old fellow, what is amiss with

'you this morning." Richard sighed more heavily than before, digging holes with his cane in the

While staying at the seaside he had fallen hopelessly in love; but his natural suspicion had prevented him from declaring his attachment.

"Arthur," he said, "how can a wealthy man ever believe in the disinterested at-

tentions of a woman?" "Oh," said his friend with a whistle, "sits the wind that way? I had my suspicions, old boy. But you don't mean ed the joy or misery of a lifetime. to say that you entertain such ungenerous ideas! I could not think so badly

of Susie." "Because you know she is only waiting on you to make a home for her. The case is utterly different. A man without money has the satisfaction of knowing that he is loved for himself secret, and I know you will not betray

alone." "Bah!" cris is fri Avi contemptuously. "You either do not love the girl, or you are a bigger fool than I take you for. Strange how people who have no troubles will go out of the way to make them. Well, I am off to get some luncheon; are you coming?"

No, Richard would stay where he was. He felt rather glad to be left alone with his thoughts.

Young, rich and handsome, he was as utterly miserable as any mortal with such advantages could be. His money seemed to stand between him and happiness, and yet he would not have parted with it for any consideration. He prized it so much that he feared that it might have the same value in the eves of the girl he loved. What if it induced her to give him her hand without her

Edith Palmer was comparatively poor, and he knew she loved pleasure. She had often told him as much, and complained of the dullness of her life. He remembered how her cheeks had flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement when he had spoken of the gay world of fashion, or described the different places he had seen.

"No, I will not ask her to be my wife," he told himself with intense bitterness. "My money is to great a temptation for any woman to resist. She would accept my offer if she didn't love me, and I should discover it afterwards, and be wretched for life. I will leave S-as soon as possible, and try to forget her."

He had risen now and turned his back upon the sea, and some children who were playing in the sand gazed after him in surprise, wondering what made that big man look so cross. He certainly had anything but an agreeable expression on his face as he walked along nibbling the ends of his long mustacha.

"Hallo, Mr. Maur," said somebody at his elbow, in a clear, young voice. "Oh, is it you, Jack?" returned Rich-

ard. "Where are you off to now?" Jack was Edith Palmer's brother, and Richard had shown him many kindnesses, completely winning his boyish

"I was looking for you," said Jack "Come up to the house and see Joe, will ou? Father says he does not like the look of him. Do come; there is nobody at home; Edith has gone to see Susie Brown.'

"All right, I'll come," returned Richard, relieved and yet disappointed that he would not see Jack's sister.

The Palmers lived in a small house near the sea, and Jack dragged Richard into a small back parlor, communicating with the drawing-room by folding-doors.

"Wait here," he said, "while I go and look for Joe." And he dashed out of the room in

search of his retriever before Richard could utter a word of remonstrance.

thought. The more he saw of the povhis conviction that his money must

Presently he began to grow impatient at Jack's prolonged absence, and "Your offer to relieve me of my the next moment he heard a sound of

so dull all by myself."

"I am very glad I came," said Susie, for he instantly recognized the voice as belonging to Arthur Renmore's sweetheart. "What on earth is the matter with you, dear? You are not the girl you were."

"There is nothing the matter with me," cried Edith, and to prove it she burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said Susie, wiping away the bright drops with her own little lace handkerchief. "I do believe you have some secret you are keeping from me. Have you seen Mr. Maur lately?" she added abruptly.

"Do you think I am crying about Mr. Maur?" asked Edith, coloring with an-

"I don't know, I am sure," returned Susie. "I could cry if I was in your place. The man cught to propose after all the attention he used to pay "Susie!"

friend. "You know it is true. He did and like many others of the command, take up your time, and led people to believe he was serious. It is shameful of a man to treat a girl as he has treated you, I will say what I think-there! He is a mean thing, and I would like to | it will do you good." Ike motioned the tell him so to his face."

Now it happened that Miss Susie was sitting opposite a looking-glass, and happening to lift her eyes, she saw Mr. Richard peering in upon them.

She was a very quick-witted young lady, and did not regret at all the allusions she had made to him. As she sat looking into the mirror a plot was being formed in that youthful little head of hers within soft golden curls.

Her own engagement was such a happy one, in spite of its length, for she had been engaged eight years, and had two more to wait until Arthur would be in a position to marry, that she longed for her friend to experience the same

happiness. Perhaps a few judicious words would bring the laggard in love to the point. She hoped so, for he had looked very affectionately at the back of her friend's head.

She felt strongly inclined to indulge n a fit of laughter, but she resisted the impulse, feeling that it would spoil all. She resolutely averted her eyes from Richard's reflection, after satisfying herself that he was waiting eagerly to hear what they had to say, and said, in a preternaturally solemn voice:

"Edith, I do believe you love the The words almost caused Richard to betray himself. He trembled like a leaf, for on Edith's next words depend-

There was a deep silence for a few minutes, and then Susie lifted her friend's head and looked at her tear- took out a pocket Testament, and turnstained face, which was suffused with blushes.

"It is but too true," said Edith, "Ido love him. You have discovered my it. I would die with shame if he knew I had given my love unasked."

"But, Edith, he loves you," said Susie, coloring at her friend's words, for she could see the delight in Richard's eyes as he listened to Edith's avowal.

"He loves me!" cried Edith, almost contemptuously. "Why, Susie, he might marry anybody with his wealth and position.

"Bother his wealth!" cried Susie. 'You don't love him for his wealth." "Heaven knows I don't!" said Edith. 'If he were to lose all his money it

would make no difference to me." "My darling!" And Richard pushed open the folding-doors and caught Edith in his arms, while Susie discreetly retired to the next room, and took up a book, leaving the ardent lover to make his own excuse for playing eavesdropper.

"Oh, Mr. Maur," cried Jack, dashing into the room. "Why; where is he, Susie? I left him here just now."

"He is engaged," said Susie demurely. "Why, what's the matter, Jack?" The boy walked over to the window and put his hands in his pockets, whistling; but there was a suspicious moisture in his bright eyes, and Susie anxiously repeated her question.

"Father had Joe shot," he said. "He was sullen and fidgety; but I know Mr. Maur would have put him right if he had seen him. Poor old

"Don't grieve, Jack," said Susie, putting her hand on his arm. "You've lost your dog but you've found a brother-in-law,

"What?" cried Jack, "is it true? Where are they? Let me go to them." And he dashed unceremoniously into the next room, the loss forgotten for the moment in his delight at the unexpected news. Susie smiled and sighed as she fol-

lowed him into the presence of the hap-But her own happiness was not so far off as she thought, for Arthur, com-

ing into an unexpected legacy, insisted that it should be a double wedding, and in this he was aided and abetted by Edith and Richard. "To think that all my happiness is

owing to these folding-doors," said Richard to his friend. "And Susie's diplomacy," muttered

Arthur. "Nothing," returned Arthur.

are two lucky fellows, old boy!" "Indeed, we are," said Richard. And up to the present time neither of them has had cause to alter his opin-

IKE'S REPENTANCE.

An Amusing Reminiscence of Hampton's Cattle Raid.

Hampton's celebrated "Cattle Raid The young man sat down on one of | in the rear of Grant's army, was regardthe shabby chairs, and relapsed into ed by Lee's starving soldiers as a triumph of genius. The 3,000 tall steers that were brought back as the spoils of victory, were stared at with as much delight as ever a triumphal procession along the Appian way.

The achievement was not without "I am so glad I persuaded you to bloodshed. For a brief space the fightcome back with me,"-it was Edith ing was sharp and decisive. It is known Palmer who spoke-"I should have felt that Hampton planned the expedition that Hampton planned the expedition only after having "sceuted" over the ground himself. The writer of the following was one of the raiders.

As the grav morning lifted its curtain, and the smoke of the conflict floated away, revealing the wounded and the slain of friend and foe, there lay at full length the apparently lifeless form of

His friend Jack was first to discover and approach him. "Ike, my boy, are you dead?" said Jack, with feeling. The slow response was a long sepulchral groan. "Ike, old fellow, are you much hurt?" repeated Jack, taking

him by the hand. Ike, with languid, half-open eyes, drawled out: "M-o-r-t-a-l-l-y wounded, Jack; I'm shot through the body—" The country through which our troops passed the day before, abounded in large orchards, the fruit of which had been distilled into apple brandy; and our boys, being good foragers, had secured a fair supply. Both "Don't look so cross," cried her Jack and Ike were fond of a "nip" had passed the eanteen freely the night before the attack. Jack had some left in his canteen, and raising Ike's head, said to him: "Take a pull, old fellow, canteen away and said, with a reprov-ing look: "Take that canteen away, Jack, and don't be offering liquor to a dying man. Take warning by me, Jack,

take warning by me, and let liquor alone. O, if I only had a Bible." Jack thought that Ike's voice was rather strong and well-sustained for a man about to depart this life, and began to look for his wound. Finding neither blood on his jacket, nor bullet hole through it, he opened Ike's clothes, and lo! nothing worse than a bruise on his side from a spent bullet, which had stunned and unhorsed him. The shock and pain had impressed him with the idea that he had been mortally perforated.

"Why, Ike," said Jack, "you're not hurt much; there's no hole through you at all. Sit up and see for your-

Ike, reassured by the confident tones of his friend, and with his assistance, raised to a sitting posture, and looked for himself. Seeing was believing, and so elated was he at the discovery that he straightened his vertebræ to a bolt upright position, and said to Jack:

"Old fellow, I think I was out of my head awhile ago. Didn't I talk a heap of nonsense? What were you saying about some apple brandy?"

Jack, seeing there was to be an indefinite postponement of the funeral. regained his own spirits sufficiently to perpetrate a joke at Ike's expense. So, instead of replying to his inquiry about agreeable words had been exchanged the brandy, with a mock-serious air, he ing the pages, asked Ike if he had any favorite place he should read from to quiet sarcastic woman, "Mr. Powell, comfort him. Ike could stand it no he's been up and about this half hour, longer, but rising to his feet said: "Jack, stop your blamed foolishness, and hand me that canteen."-Southern Bivouac.

Personal Gossip.

Mr. Sims Reeve was lately mulcted in £50 damages for not singing at a concert got up by a local music seller in a small English town. His defence that he was disabled by hoarseness from performing his contract was not satisfactory to the special jury which tried the case. Many verdicts like the above would prevent hoarseness from attacking singers at the wrong time.

Lord Bramwell recently, in giving judgment in an important Scotch lawsuit took occasion to review briefly the celebrated case of Shylock vs. Antonio (Shakspere's Reports), and said: "I am quite certain that I would have decided that case in the way fair Portia did; not, perhaps, upon all the same reasons, but upon some of them. As a matter of fact, Shylock never had the pound of flesh which could be called his-it had never been appropriated to him; and he could only get it by a considerable crime, no less than murder. But if the pound of flesh had been appropriated to him, I should have given the pound of flesh to Shylock."

This is from a private letter from George Eliot: "Dickens' death came as great shock to us. He lunched with us just before we went abroad, and was celling us a story of President Lincoln having told the Council, on the day he was shot, that something remarkable would happen, because he had just dreamt, for the third time, a dream which twice before had preceded events momentous in the nation. The dream was that he was in a boat on a great iver, all alone, and he ended with the ords, 'I drift-I drift-I drift.' Dickas told this very finely."

Strange sights are to be seen in our large cities. The other day, in New York, a richly dressed, handsome woman about thirty years of age, was found intoxicated in a street car. She was removed by a policeman, and placed in the alcoholic ward hospital. Diamonds sparkled in her ears, and her sealskin sacque open at the throat displayed a "What?" asked Richard, enquiringly. | gold pin. Her dress was of silk. Three rings glittered on her hands, and she wore a handsome watch and chain. In her pocket book was found a newspaper clipping stating that "Eliza Hall has received an absolute divorce from John Hall," She answered no questions, but it was evident that she had a pathetic

history. A pleasant little episode occured on the occasion of the call of the Justices of the Supreme Court on the President the other day. Justice Miller, whose Republicanism is of the staunchest character, and whose name has frequently been mentioned in connection with the nomnaition for the Presidency, took Mr. Cleveland by the hand and said: "Mr. President, Mr. Benton once said of the Court, 'in politics we are none.' We are not quite so far unsexed as that, but I wish to say for my association, as well as for myself, that we cordially welcome you to the Capital, and wish your administration every

The Mystery of Price Marks.

From the Pittsburg Times, The system of marking prices on goods in general use among retailers is for each to adopt a word or term which shall contain ten unrepeated letters to correspond with the numerals. Thus,

for instance, the word: Anchorites 1234567890

The cost of an article has been usually marked on it, the salesman knowing what to add; but this plan is losing in popularity and is being replaced by the better method of marking the selling price. Employing the key word "Anchorites," an article marked say "a,i,o," would indicate \$1.75. Some merchants have both cost and selling rates marked, in which case the two are separated by a line, the cost being on top and the selling price under. Humorously inclined individuals not frequently get up a key word or term which would make customers smile were they aware of the contrast between the mysterious cost marks and that from which they are derived. No little ingenuity is displayed in the selection, but after the essential of ten unrepeated letters there is nothing wanting but the simplest orthography that the foot of the spellers in the salesmen class may have no inducement whatever to go wrong.

The Wiles of Kentucky Candidates.

Neither of these stories is so good as some which illustrates the wiles of candidates before the people. The best one, we think, is that reported of Lazarus Powell and Humphrey Marshall, when running for governor of Kentucky. If it relates to some other two Kentuckians, well enough; the two named will suffice. They were stumping the state together. One night they put up at the house of a man who controlled the politics of the country in which he lived and whose spinster sister notoriously "controlled him." Being like the considerable Miss Summerville in "Adonis," "a simple mountain maid, she did the milking herself and the housework generally. Both candidates did their best to please her. Early in the morning after the night in question, Humphrey Marahall arose, and seeing the lady milking a cow near the honse, he broke off the branch of a tree and began brushing the flies off the animal with much effusion. After several he remarked that he did not see his friend Powell around and supposed he was sleeping late. "Oh," rejoined the and I sent him back o' the barn where he's holding the other calf." Marshall never wholly understood the remark, but Powell got the vote of that county.

A STORY OF MIKE FINK.

The Platboatman of the Ohio Valley In Early Times.

Washington (Ky.) letter in Phila. Times. Clustered about Washington are associations of the most interesting historical character. Nearly every one of its old houses was once the home of a man or woman with a national reputation, and a volume of reminiscences might be gleaned here. Its history belongs to the past and there are but few living reminders of that glorious period. In one of the oldest, quaintest and most picturesque houses lives Uncle John Zeigler. He is ninety years old and every morning, rain or shine, he rises with the lark, seizes his long hickory staff and trudges sturdily down the broad pike to Maysdale, returning before night falls. He is a majestic physical wreck not yet gone to pieces-six feet five inches in height and still erect. Time has shrunken and weakened his thews and sinews, but in the days that I speak of no arm was so strong, no eve so keen, no courage so sublime as his. Warmed by the generous fire of his native Bourbon he loves to talk about the past and to a newspaper man his stories are always interesting. He was the partner of Mike Fink, the "King of the Flat-boatmen."

"I linked fortunes with Mike at his own request," he said to me, "and there's an interesting little story connected with the partnership."

He dropped his head forward, reflectively, and without disturbing his reverie I pushed the bottle and a glass toward him. Mechanically he filled the latter and for a moment held it to the light, admiring the warm, rich color of the liquor. Then he tossed the contents off at a gulp. "It is good liquor," he said, smack-

ing his lips, "and the taste carries me back to the old days when I ran a flat boat on the Ohio. I was a good man then, a very good man, and had no fear. I used to winter at Maysville and one season-I don't remember the date-I ran my boat into Limestone creek and made all snug for cold weather. The ice come early and a great many flatboatmen made their quarters here. Mike Fink's boat lav just below mine. I had heard of him, but we had never met. We flat-boatmen worked hard and made money during the summer, and we spent it right royally when we laid off for the winter. We had frolies every day and dances every night. This seaeverywhere that on his boat was the best rifle shot, the best fist-fighter, the best runner and the best wrestler in the Ohio valley. It wasn't long before a chance was given me to partially test the truth of his challenge. I met his runner, his wrestler and his fighter all in one day and I 'downed' the three. This made Mike pretty mad and he arranged it for us to try our skill with the rifle. About a week afterward we met at a barn raising ont at Kenton's Station, and after the work was finished we settled down to solid sport. Finally Mike challenged me to shoot with him. I accepted and everybody gathered around to watch us. You see, Mike didn't belong in Maysville, and a great deal depended on the result. If he won it would diminish Mayville's glory, and if I was successful (having already defeated the champion fighter, wrestler and runner) she could lay claim to the proud distinction of owning as her son the all-round

champion! "Mike had been drinking, but I knew what was coming and hadn't touched a drop. When I stepped to the markit was my first shot-I was as cool as ice and my muscles were under perfect control. I made two bull's-eyes out of a possible three. When Mike stepped up and raised his rifle he tossed his head scornfully, but the liquor had affected his nerves and his first shot was a bad one. He loaded his rifle nervously and raising it took a long, steady aim. When he pulled the trigger a great shout went up and everybody crowded around me. He had missed the bull's-eye and I was the champion. I was right proud of my achievement and celebrated the victory by drinking more liquor than was good for me. Mike felt his defeat keenly and accompanied by his friends left for town. When I returned I was told that he was still unwilling to acknowledge that I was the champion. He admitted that I had distanced his fleetest runner, thrown his most expert wrestler, whipped his ablest fighter and fairly defeated him as a marksman.

"'He can beat me shooting,' he said, "but I can whip him with my fists." "When I heard this you may depend upon it I was pretty mad. I would have hunted him up and settled the matter that very night, but my friends, knowing my condition, prevailed upon me to go home. The next morning was Average Annual Cost of Living. very cold. I came into town at about 10 o'clock and went to a boatman's supply store, kept by a Jew where I felt pretty certain I'd find him Mike. sure enough, he was there, with three of his far the larger part of the citizens of the mates—the three I had already defeated. They were seated around a great big woodstove, and, entering the store I locked the door behind me and put the key in my pocket. Fink and his friends this country is supported by from 45 to started to their feet and I bowed to 50 cents per capita a day. At the latthem very politely and wished them all ter figure this makes \$164.25 as the a pleasant morning. Stepping to the average annual cost of living; but, as by counter I called for five gill bottles of average we mean the balance between rum and when the storekeeper set them | extremes, there must be many persons out I invited the ex-champions to drink | who have not even this sum to live upwith me. All came forward, and, on. That 50 cents a day is a generous knocking the neck off one of the bottles, estimate will be admitted when it is re-I poured about a thimbleful of rum into | membered that many mill operatives a glass and, raising it, said:

your health.'

his own glass he replied: "'I beg your pardon, sir, you're a d-d liar!"

"With that he dashed his glass to the ern society must be most evident.

floor and we clinched. Never I recken, was a battle more stubbornly contested. Around and around the store we fought; casks and barrels were overturned, boxes emptied, bottles and jars broken and their contents scattered in all directions. The store-keeper began to yell murder and cry for a constable, but the door was locked, the key was in my pocket and he couldn't get out. I reckon we must have fought an hour. our clothes were torn from our bodies and blood streamed from our faces. Finally, seeing an advantage, I seized Fink around the waist and seating him on the great stove that was now red hot, held him there. It was not until his flesh began to sizzle that he cried 'Enough!' and I released him. He had received the worst of the fight. Two of his ribs were broken his wrist was dislocated and he was bruised and gashed from head to foot. He fell to the floor in a faint, and picking him up I carried him across the street to a hotel, laid him on a bed and sent for a doctor, to whom I became responsible for the bill. When I came out on the street the whole town was there to receive me, for the news that I had whipped Mike Fink had spread like wildfire. I requested three responsible citizens to appraise the damage done by us in the supply store and then asked the storekeeper to make out his bill. It amounted to forty odd dollars. I paid one half of it and got his receipt. Then, with the bill in my hand, I went across the street to where Fink was lying propped up in bed.

"Fink, ' I said, 'I'll pay your doctor's bill, for I bruised you up. Here is a bill for the damage done by us in the supply store. I've paid half of it, and if you don't pay the other half I'll give you a worse whipping than the one you have just received.

"He promised to pay and when he recovered from his wounds we became good friends. When spring opened we joined fortunes.

"' I've been king on the river a long time, 'he said, when we drew up the partnership agreement, 'but I've been whipped on all sides. I'm no longer champion, but I'll be the champion's partner,' and we remained together until Mike died."

A NEW NAME FOR IT

How Technical Terms Secured an Unwilling Soldier's Discharge.

Grand Army Scout and Soldiers' Mail. In the spring time of 1864 the frontier

division of the Seventh Army Corps, General John M. Thayer commanding, was encamped at Fort Smith, Arl-Communication being most entirely cut off, supplies were low and the army did son's fun had hardly begun when it come | considerable in the foraging line. On to my ears that Mike Fink had boasted one of these expeditions a clerk at department headquarters, Wiley Britton, who was a very fine writer and apt scholar, went out with a party of scouts south of the Poteau, a stream that empties into the Arkansas just above Fort Smith. They ran a company of Texas Rangers, and in a skirmish with them he got shot through the left wrist. Retreating he reached Fort Smith and was laid up for some days before his wound healed and he was fit for duty again. He then got it into his head that fighting was not particularly his forte, and, since his wound, neither was writing, and he desired to get back to his old home in Missouri. He went to General Thayer and asked for a discharge, but the general, thinking he was too valuable a man to let off for so slight a wound, refused to let him go, saying he did not see how he could dispense with so valuable and apt a clerk. Wiley knowing I had some influence with the general, I being at that time on detached service at headquarters, enlisted me in his service to procure his discharge. I got out a set of papers and took them down to the surgeon, who was, like myself, originally, a Pennsylvanian. He made him out a certificate and strongly recommended his discharge, couching the certificate in terms peculiar to surgical science. I took the certificate, got Britton's company officers to indorse it and then went with him to the headquarters to see General Thaver. As we entered the room the general, who was sitting by the table, said to Britton: "You are still wanting to go home, are you?" He replied affirmatively, I then presented the certificate. The general looked at it and said: "Read it." I read: "This certifies this soldier is truly entitled to a discharge. I certify it on examination,

after due consideration, a case of necrosis of the right radius of the forearm." "What is that? That beats my time," said the general. "If I had thought, young man, the half of that was the matter with you, I would have let you go before. Hand me my pen, so I can write your discharge, quick. That is the d-name for shot through the wrist I ever heard." To say he was discharged after that would be but painting the lily.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

How many persons have even a rough idea of the average sum upon which by United States are fed, clothed and housed? A recent statistician estimates that 80 per cent. of the population of earn only from \$5 to \$7 a week, and that "Gentlemen, I am the champion | the wages of farm hands run from \$20 fighter, the champion wrestler, the to \$30 a month, and that on these sums champion runner and the champion several persons are often supported. rifle-shot in the Ohio valley. I drink | When it is remembered, too, that some other human beings have a yearly in-"Fink's eyes flashed fire and raising come equal to what is necessary for the subsistence of 500 or 1,000 of these

"average" mortals, the startling con-

trast between the extremes of our mod-